

# Middletown



# Transcript.

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NO. 49.

## Select Poetry.

### THANKSGIVING.

BY LUCY LARSON.

For the wealth of pathless forests,  
For the winds that hush the branches,  
For the young bird's first flight,  
For the old bird's last like rustles,  
For the dew that glistens on the grass,  
For the sun that warms the earth,  
For the moon that lights the night,  
For the stars that gleam above,  
For the flowers that bloom in spring,  
For the fruit that ripens in the fall,  
For the harvest that feeds the world,  
For the peace that reigns around,  
For the love that binds us all,  
For the goodness that fills the soul,  
For the grace that makes us whole,  
For the mercy that pardons sin,  
For the truth that sets us free,  
For the life that never ends,  
For the God who reigns above,  
I thank Thee, O my God,  
For all that Thou hast done,  
For all that Thou art now,  
For all that Thou shalt be,  
For all that Thou hast planned,  
For all that Thou hast decreed,  
For all that Thou hast wrought,  
For all that Thou hast said,  
For all that Thou hast done,  
For all that Thou art now,  
For all that Thou shalt be,  
For all that Thou hast planned,  
For all that Thou hast decreed,  
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For all that Thou hast planned,  
For all that Thou hast decreed,  
For all that Thou hast wrought,  
For all that Thou hast said,

## Popular Tales.

### THE MISTAKE.

A LOVE STORY OF EVERY YEAR.

The heavy brakes slowly revolved and the gigantic iron horse came to a dignified pause beside the little Gothic building known as "Millbrook"—a pretty edifice half-hidden among leafy willows whose green boughs floated on the surface of the quiet stream rippling away towards the woods beyond.

David Creswick had been watching for Millbrook Station during the last half-hour of the journey. He had never moved so slowly, and yet the other passengers might have borne witness that the train had thundered through the quiet country with lightning speed. But then David Creswick was coming to visit his home after three months of weary absence, and that made all the difference in the world.

Millbrook looked very lovely in the orange light of the yellow sunset, with its white church spire rising up among the elms, and the blue wreaths of smoke circling up above the woods, as David Creswick stood on the platform, drinking the clover-scented air into his lungs as one might quaff a draught of beaded champagne.

"Home again!" he murmured under his breath, as he turned to walk up the shady country road into a region of lonely sylvan meadows and orchards, bending beneath their weight of emerald green fruit.

"Well, it is like entering into another existence to breathe the fragrance of sweet fern and new mown hay, after three months spent among the dust and gas-pipes of the city. Don't I remember how I used to sigh after London, and fancy it was like some enchanted city as I read of in the Arabian Nights? There's nothing like stern experience for scattering such delusions to the four winds. That was four years ago, and things wear a different aspect to my eyes now."

He sighed a little as he walked on, unconsciously treading the silver daisies under his feet.

David Creswick was tall and strongly built, with pleasant blue eyes and auburn hair that rippled into wavy curls over his frank, open forehead. "What a man!" you could scarcely look at him without liking, who carried a letter of introduction in his very face. And as he strode along, passing through the alternate floods of sunset light and moving veils of shadow that lay along the velvet grass of the country lane, he smiled to himself without being aware of the smile.

"Phillipa will be glad to see me of course," was the thought that floated up and down in his mind. "Dear little Phillipa! I wonder if she has thought of me half as often as I have dreamed of her. I suppose she is leaning over the gate and expecting me now, for she must undoubtedly have heard the whistle. Will she be pleased with the little garnet ring I have bought her to wear in token of our en-

gagement? I think she will like it, if only for my sake. If it were diamonds now, flashing like her own lovely eyes, instead of commonplace garnet! I can't help wishing I were rich, to load my beauty with sparkling stones and shining silks. Never mind, Davy Creswick, you are only a junior clerk, but with patience and perseverance your time will yet come."

His face involuntarily brightened, the next moment, as a turn in the road brought him within sight of a pretty little white cottage, guarded by crimson hollyhocks, with its old-fashioned windows all illuminated by the glimmer of sunset, and its wealth of elegant drooping in fragrant festoons around the pillars of the wide porch.

Phillipa May was standing at the gate—she saw that with one quick, instinctive glance, but she was not alone, and he rather fancied she was not watching for him.

There was not a prettier creature in all the village of Millbrook than this little Phillipa May. Slight, but perfectly moulded, with melting black eyes and shining, silken tresses of raven dark hair, there was a Spanish splendor in the type of her beauty. Her skin, soft and fine grained as velvet, was of a rich olive tint, with crimson lights burning on either cheek, and the faintest, little dimple came and went, perpetually provoking, on her round chin, whenever the rosy lips broke into smiles. And as she stood there, with her pink muslin dress softly fluttering in the breeze, David Creswick, albeit not of a particularly romantic nature, could think of nothing on earth but a living, breathing flower—a blossom suddenly become instinct with humanity.

The dashing young officer who was leaning on the fence-post beside her left a very different sort of impression on David Creswick's mind. He was very handsome certainly, with curly brown hair and bold dark eyes, and the gold epaulettes were undoubtedly very becoming to his Corsair style of beauty, but David conceived an instantaneous dislike toward him, nevertheless. Perhaps it might have been the secret instinct of jealousy, gnawing at his heart—men will be so unreasonable wherever the little blind dog is concerned.

Phillipa looked up, half smiling and coloring at some whispered remark of her companion, as David Creswick approached.

"Phillipa," she raised her jetty eyebrows a little, and instead of putting up her red lips to give him the expected kiss of greeting, extended one little hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Creswick. Allow me to introduce Captain Danesford."

The two men looked vividly at each other for an instant and then bowed.

"Phillipa," whispered David, somewhat reproachfully, while the captain played carelessly with his watch and chain, "did you not know I was coming to-night?"

"Of course I did," responded Miss May, a little petulantly.

"I would rather have met you alone, dearest," said Phillipa, drawing her little figure up rather haughtily. "I do not recognize your right to dictate to me as to what society I shall choose, Mr. Creswick."

David looked pained, and a quick flush rose to his forehead. He hesitated for a moment and then spoke again.

"Phillipa, can I have a word with you?"

"A dozen if you like, Captain Danesford, will you go in and find that volume of poems we were talking of? I will join you in half a minute."

The dashing young officer glanced from Miss May to Mr. Creswick, as if he fully comprehended the existing state of affairs, and then shrugged his shoulders and sauntered away.

"Now Mr. Creswick," said Phillipa, giving her slender curls a defiant little toss.

"Who is this Captain Danesford, Phillipa?" asked David, gravely.

"A particular friend of mine, sir, now spending a few days at the Millbrook Hotel."

"May I ask how you became acquainted with him?"

"We met at a picnic, about a month ago," said Miss May, with the scarlet spots deepening on her cheek.

"Phillipa," he said, "Mr. Creswick, he is my friend, sir—and that is quite enough," said Phillipa, with a spiteful look.

"Your friend, Phillipa? Perhaps you love him?"

"Well, yes—a lover, then," said Miss May, laughing and blushing, and stooping down to examine a half-blown rosebud.

"Phillipa!"

"Well, Mr. Creswick."

"Have you forgotten the past? Have the promises that you made me passed entirely from your memory? You were to have been my wife, dearest!"

"I was too young and foolish, and I didn't know my own mind, Mr. Creswick."

"The blade of a two-edged sword could scarcely have been sharper than the pang which pierced David's honest heart as the little beauty spoke those cruel words. He turned quietly away—men have done so even when the death arrow was quivering in their bosoms."

"Then you are weary of your engagement, Phillipa—your engagement to love me. Be it so—I release you."

He walked away, down the daisy-spangled lane, his head drooping on his breast. It had been a cruel blow—a cruel one—and David Creswick felt as if the light and

pleasure had died out of his life, eternally, just as the sunset glory had banished away from the blue mountain tops that encircled little Millbrook in their midst.

As he came where the rustic bridge spanned a stream, he paused, and took a tiny box from his breast pocket.

"I have no further use for the toy now," he muttered as he took a glittering little gem from its cotton-wool nest. The next moment the garnet gleamed red among the whirling currents, like a drop of blood, and was gone.

And David Creswick knew that the first chapter in his life was ended, and "Fini" written after it.

Meanwhile little Phillipa May went slowly back into the twilight parlor where Captain Danesford was dreamily looking out of the window. He gazed questioningly at her.

"What has become of our diamond in the rough?"

"I have sent him away," said Phillipa decidedly.

The Captain opened his eyes and gave his moustache a jaunty twist.

"Dare I hope that my society was preferred to his?"

Phillipa did not answer; she only raised her eyes shyly to the Captain's face. He pressed her hand in a corsair sort of way that set her heart fluttering like a dove in a cage.

"My Phillipa! I shall be my life's study to deserve the preference!"

How Phillipa mused over the words when she was alone in her chamber that night. David Creswick never made such sentimental speeches, nor infused such sweet mystery into his meaning! But then David was only a junior clerk, and the Captain was a full-fledged hero!

So the days and weeks went by, and Phillipa dwelt in a sort of enchanted dream, where moonlight, and roses, and honeyed words were a glamour round her heart—poor, pretty little Phillipa!

"You're sure the Captain has gone out, Bridget?"

"Sartin, Miss May. And, says he'll not be back afore night."

"I only want one of his slippers, for a pattern, to have all the others made by there. There can be no harm in my going up after it?"

"No harm in life, Miss May; sure it's meelf would do the same thing. It's No. 9, Miss May, to the left of the stairs."

So Phillipa tripped along, blushing as she went, and feeling as if she were about to do something dreadful. As she came up, she perceived that the door of No. 9 was ajar, but it never occurred to her that there was anything unusual or peculiar in the circumstance, so she gave it a gentle push and went in.

As she did so, a lady rose from the open window, and stood confronting her—a tall, large person, with blonde hair, very light blue eyes, and a disagreeably compressed mouth. She was dressed in grey alpaca, with a traveling cap, and her bonnet lay on the table beside her.

The women—as different in features, style and expression as two women could well be—stood staring at each other in amazed silence. Phillipa was the first to speak.

"I beg your pardon ma'am, I was not aware that there was any one in the room; I thought it was Captain Danesford's apartment."

"It is Captain Danesford's apartment," said the lady, hurriedly, with a faint red stain on her cheeks. "Perhaps you can tell me where Captain Danesford is?"

The landlady has gone to make inquiries for me. You see I have just arrived; but she keeps me waiting in the most unwarrantable manner."

"I am quite ignorant of his whereabouts, madam," said Phillipa, a little nettled at the lady's imperious voice and manner.

"Perhaps you do not know who I am," said the lady, advancing. "I am Captain Danesford's wife."

Phillipa looked at her pale and breathless. Captain Danesford's wife—the wife of the man who, scarcely a week ago, had pledged his truth to her! The wall seemed to rock around her—a cataract seemed surging in her ears; but Phillipa had too much self-respect to give way to her feelings, and as soon, as most damsels in her situation would have done.

"Has he been long in this village?" asked the lady, eagerly.

"About two months."

"The villain!" said Mrs. Danesford, setting her white teeth close together. "And I have been searching for him all this time; but he shall not slip away from me again, I promise."

She had spoken as if to herself, and looked up and caught Phillipa's dilated eyes, she gave a little start.

"Young lady, I have spoken unadvisedly, but nevertheless, I have spoken only the truth. You have met Captain Danesford?"

"I have met him."

"Then you have probably met the most accomplished scoundrel—a man who has trodden my heart under his feet as if it were a broken toy; but he shall not escape me again. Good day!"

She waved her hand in a tragedy-dance sort of a manner, and Phillipa left the room, walking slowly like one who had received a mortal wound. Poor little Phillipa! Even in the midst of her own mortification, and despair and anger, she could not help feeling pity for the pale blonde who sat by the window still, watching for the coming footsteps of her false husband.

"She is more wretched than I am! Heaven help us both!" broke in half-mur-

mured accents from Phillipa's pale lips. The next day Captain Danesford and his wife had left Millbrook, no one knew in what direction. The brief delusive dream was over at last.

A month afterwards Phillipa May, walking down the village street, met Alice Creswick, David's blue-eyed sister.

"A letter, Phillipa—a letter!" said Alice, waving the missive high in the air. Phillipa's cheeks crimsoned, as if Alice could see, thrust down in her little pocket, the humble pleading epistle she had just written to David.

"Is it from Dave—your brother?"

"Yes, and what do you think, Phillipa? He is going to be married."

"Going to be married?"

"To one of the partner's daughters. Isn't that nice? And he is so happy, dear old David. Oh, Phillipa, I am so perfectly delighted!"

Alice Creswick passed on to impart her good tidings to the next comer, and Phillipa May went home and burned her letter with hot cheeks and tearful eyes.

Until this moment she had never known how dearly she loved David Creswick.

"Oh!" she sobbed to herself in the silence of the lonely room, if I could only live the last three months over again—if I could only win David's true heart back!"

Vain, vain, was her heart's anguished cry. Phillipa May had with her own hands poured out the bitter cup, and she knew that she must drain it to the dregs.

And thus it happened that the prettiest girl in Millbrook became an old maid.

## Agricultural Department.

### Stall-feeding Cattle.

The system of stall-feeding has acquired considerable popularity among practical men. By many it is regarded as by far the most economical method of feeding domestic animals of all kinds, not only because of the smaller quantity of food required, but because cows, when so kept afford more and richer milk than when pastured in the ordinary way. In this way the animals are supplied with an abundance of green, sapid and succulent fodder; consequently the health of the animal is better, and the profit derived from it is greater than when there is but scant or precarious supply.

By introducing this mode of feeding, it is always possible to observe great regularity in feeding, both as regards time and quantity, and also to pursue a steady equilibrium in all the associated departments of domestic or rural economy—a result which, although extremely desirable, is often extremely difficult to obtain. The result of numerous experiments has demonstrated beyond question that cattle can be maintained not only at diminished expense—so far as the actual value of food is involved—but that they can be kept in a condition of more perfect health by stall-feeding than in any other manner. But it is always judicious, however, to give them frequent exercises in the open air, and this may be done while they are out to water.

In this country we have as yet known but comparatively few instances in which stall feeding, properly so-called, has been systematically adopted and carried out. When any one has made any attempt at approximating it, it has been customary to produce the fodder from patches of soil highly cultivated and made fertile by the application of the best manure. Corn has generally been the grain resorted to for this purpose. It is usually cut green and conveyed to the barn as wanted.

Another advantage resulting from stall-feeding is the more perfect economization of the manure. It has been estimated that the actual cost of keeping a cow by stall-feeding is by, nearly one fourth than by open pasturage, if pursued in the usual way, and with the very best facilities to secure manure.

STIRRING SOIL AROUND TREES.—The opening or lightening the soil around the roots of trees, either in the spring or fall, for the purpose of letting in warmth, and affording a freer medium for the expansion and development of the roots, is of great value in promoting the health and vigor of the tree. All trees, whether fruit or ornamental, young or old, indigenous or exotic, are vastly benefited by the process. In old orchards, the soil about the trunks of the trees, and to a considerable distance from them, in every direction, should be carefully broken, and the upper surface, to the depth of three or four inches, removed in the spring, every four or five years. The eggs of the curculio and other insects are deposited in this stratum, and if not removed or destroyed, will produce insects, the ravages of which the succeeding year will be productive of far greater loss than the expense of removing the soil and replacing it with compost or loam. It is an utterly hopeless undertaking to attempt the cultivation of good fruit, when no measures are resorted to, to obviate the fatal ravages of this detestable and insidious foe, and the remedy now suggested is by no means expensive, if we take into consideration the advantages otherwise resulting to the trees from its application. Any good soil, taken from the open fields or cultivated lands, may be used as a substitute for compost and a very small quantity will suffice. Even if no fresh matter is applied, I would recommend the removal of the surface soil, and would replace it when convenient, with Chip manure, or old dung covered with straw, answers well for this purpose.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

## Original Poetry.

### THANKSGIVING, 1868.

Written for the Middletown Transcript

BY FAITH.

Father, I render thanks  
For all the mercies the past swift months  
Have given me—health, competence,  
Home, husband, babe, and many friends still  
spared.

Thy beautiful world, and a quick eye to catch  
And mind to enjoy its beauties, every bird,  
Whose song has given a sudden thrill of joy  
In the awakening Spring, was made by Thee.  
Each opening leaf and flower that paid my care  
With sweetness or with color, owed its charms  
To Thy almighty pencil and Thy love.

'Twas Thy care planted in wooded dells  
Sweet flowers for all who seek them: To Thy love  
I owe a love for flowers. I render thanks,  
And not for thy joys alone, but for the griefs,  
The trials Thou hast sent, are praises due.  
Small troubles, daily worries come, but Thou  
Dost see them needed that my heart cling not  
Too closely here; that hourly I may feel  
How sweet the home above. And that it be  
Still more my home, Thou'st taken, this last year,  
My little daughter there, my blue-eyed child,  
Whose voice was sweetest music, and her face  
The fairest, most angelic ever looked upon.  
And yet I praise Thee: Thou hast granted me,  
With fullest trust in Thee, to know my child  
Is safe at home, where sorrow entereth not,  
Nor pain, nor death; her gentle spirit waits  
Till I shall come. And others, too, have gone,  
Dear friends and early loved, to live at home.  
So dost Thou make the "rest remaining" sweet.  
And for thy peaceful death, thy present joy,  
My hope of joining them through Jesus' name,  
My blessings here which Thy dear hand bestows,  
I humbly render thanks.

Port Penn.

### Correspondence of the Middletown Transcript.

#### "Great Modesty of the Pamphleteer Attila."

Attila comes out in a card against "Cosmopolite," our correspondent at Savannah, Ga.—"It is 'original and ingenious'!" It is the Spanish revolution and dethroning of Isabella—and will dethrone Victoria, of Great Britain—Isabella is gone, Victoria comes next—War to the knife in female suffrage and its advocates, &c. &c.

NEW YORK, NOV. 28, 1868.

EDITOR TRANSCRIPT, SIR:—My private secretary at Cincinnati, Ohio, sent me a number of Western and Southern papers, (your Transcript of the 14th inst. among them) which denounce the author of the pamphlet "Attila" as the most infamous creature on earth, calling him an infidel, a wretch, &c. An ingenious editor goes even so far as to dethrone John Allen of Water street notoriety from his elevated position as the "wickedest man in New York," and placing me far above him, as the "wickedest man in the world."

Well, I do not much care about that. When issuing my pamphlet, I did it with the firm knowledge of the things to come. I well knew, that the name "Attila" would be the target for the arrows of many, and my mind is not at all uneasy to see my predictions come true. I have before me the Galveston Bulletin and the Dallas (Texas) Herald, which are engaged in a fierce controversy about Attila. They call me a "Yankee infidel" who dares to base the proposition, that woman is no human being, upon the holy Bible. The far-spreading "Daily Times" of Cincinnati, kindly takes my part, saying, "Attila is no Yankee infidel, but a Western man."

"The Israelite," of the same city, (the first Jewish paper in America, says my secretary) edited by the learned Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Isaac M. Wise, so renowned as the great agitator among his people to oppose the election of Grant, calls me the "woman-hater, the literary monster of the 19th century, and the pamphlet itself, 'an unheard of blasphemy.' The Boston Investigator, the great representative of 'reason in our age,' the grand German Volksblatt of Olin, and a host of others, abuse the author and his absurd ideas, but none of them can help acknowledging the essay itself to be 'original and ingenious.'"

I allude to these facts simply to show that I am not at all noticing those remarks, what my silence upon fully indicates. I am far from getting excited about them. On the contrary, I am delighted to see them raging with dogmatism, while none of them dare to approach my arguments with weapons of logic and reasoning. They well know why they do not do it. Logic cannot contradict logic, and reason cannot militate against reason, hence they attack Attila as an individual but not his pamphlet. It reminds me of the drinking scene in the opera "Faust," where the courageous students and soldiers threaten and rage with fury, but not one of them is able to attack Mephistopheles. Let them take their fill of pleasure in denouncing me. It gives me great deal of amusement. Like a swarm of mosquitoes, serenading the gentle reposer, shielded by an impervious bar, so they are serenading me. Besides, it is the best advertisement my pamphlet could possibly have. And I see it plainly in the fact, that my first edition of Attila, consisting of 100,000 copies, is nearly exhausted, and I am about issuing a second. As aforesaid, I am silent as long as my pamphlet itself is not abused.

But, I find in your Transcript a correspondence of yours, from Savannah, Ga. "Cosmopolite," denouncing my pamphlet itself as a "crack-brain literature," and that is something I shall not endure. It is unknown to me whether you allow your correspondents and unrestricted freedom or not. But your publication of that letter proves that you endorse the opinion of said Cosmopolite. I will therefore attempt (and I am sure, succeed) to prove that my pamphlet is more than a "crack-brain literature," and hope, for the sake of justice, you will correct the wrong committed by your correspondent.

The pamphlet "Attila" a "crack-brain literature!" I most emphatically disclaim that statement. I have called into requisition all my knowledge of theology, logic, anatomy, physiology, and philology, to establish the truth that the woman is no human being, that she has no soul, that she is no part of creation, that she is not created to be of any use in the world, nor is anything in this world created for her use, that she will not resurrect, nor have part in the future kingdom of Heaven, that the Bible was not given for her, &c. I have treated the subject most seriously, and there is not one word in my pamphlet that could tend to its being called a "crack-brain literature." My object was, is, and ever will be, by the publication and spreading of Attila, to oppose the idea of female suffrage, now raging both in Europe and our country. That I make a few dollars by the way, I hope no one will attach any name to. Yes, my aim is a mere political one, and I say, without fearing the charge of egotism, I have succeeded: Attila, a "crack-brain literature!" What an idea. Let us but appeal to the history of last three months, and see whether Attila is a "crack-brain literature," or not. "Vox populi, vox dei." The people (the males of course) of Mount Vernon, and Vineland, New Jersey, have read my pamphlet, and their eyes were opened to such an extent, as to quell the absurd movement of female suffrage, agitated in their midst by that fanatic sheet, "The Revolution." Those noble hearted men of Vineland and Mount Vernon, true to their noble manhood, testify irrefragably: "Attila is no crack-brain literature."

20,000 copies of my pamphlet sold in Great Britain, do their good work in preserving the human race from female intruders. We have received the cheerful news from London and Edinburgh. The cable spoke of the decision of the Court of Common Pleas, presided over by Sir G. Bowen, that women in England have no right of suffrage. Attila has done that work, the influence of the Mills and Trains to the contrary, notwithstanding, and the Court of Common Pleas of London, and the people of Great Britain proclaim—Attila is no "crack-brain literature."

30,000 copies of the Spanish translation of Attila, sold in Spain, have enlightened the minds of the people in that country. They have felt the consequences of injured manhood, have banished their female despot, and the millions of Spain shout loudly, Attila is not a "crack-brain literature." I am sure and convinced that my pamphlet, dedicated to Victoria, of England, and Isabella, of Spain, has caused the expulsion of the latter. Anna Dickinson and all other advocates of female suffrage, whom I have challenged through my pamphlet, do not dare to approach my irrefragable argument, "that the woman should not have suffrage because she is no human being, &c. The very silence of that Anna Dickinson, of Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Olive Logan, Mrs. Horace Greeley, (of late belonging to that class) the fanatics Train, Phillips, the Stances, Sowers, Douglasses, Blackwells, and Garrisons, shouts loudly, Attila is great, and not a "crack-brain literature." Just consider these facts, and then answer the question, can a "crack-brain literature" cause such effects?—Never!

Attila has acted wonderfully thus far, and will continue its good work the more so in the future, to suppress the fermentation of female suffrage started by a number of brainless men and females. It will awaken the true human beings, men, to the sentiments of the prophet—"Oh, my people, thy oppressors lead thee astray, for woman rules over thee."

These sacred words caused me to dedicate my pamphlet to the two ruling females—Victoria and Isabella. My intention was, to direct the attention of their respective subjects to that fearful disgrace to mankind, in order to arouse their manhood and free themselves of that great shame. The Spaniards, have shown their mental, moral, and physical courage. Isabella is gone. General Prim has checked her baggage free of charge. Half of Attila's great work is done. Isabella is gone and Victoria is next in order.

Thus, I believe to have proven, by the logic of events, that Attila is no "crack-brain literature." Attila is true and earnest, original and ingenious. Attila has worked enough thus far, and will keep on working for the mental and moral purification of the concept, man, to cleanse the word "mankind" from the female admixture, until the genus homo, like his wise Creator, shall be "one and his name one."

Yours Truly, ATTILA.

WINTER.—Winter, with its brown fields, its bleak hills, its leafless trees, and twilight-looking mountains, is upon us. We breathe no more an air fragrant with the breath of flowers and freighted with the music of the song birds of summer, for the flowers have fallen asleep beneath the earth's warm covering and the birds have flown before the chilly winds that sweep down from the polar seas, bringing with them snow and ice, and frost, and causing the body to shiver and the step to quiver. The dull leaden clouds, in ragged masses, hurriedly march across the sky, showing a veil over the beautiful walls that arch the world, while every object expresses an air of desolation. But there is one bright picture amid all this dreariness, where the heart drinks in draughts of delight, and that is to be found around the fireside. Here we can gather during the long evenings, and though the rain may patter, and the winds moan, and the snows beat, we can smile, and talk, and find pleasant enjoyment in reading as the hours march along.

### Glants of Olden Times.

In some of his recent lectures, Professor Silliman the younger, alluded to the discovery of the skeleton of an enormous lizard, of eighty feet. From this the Professor inferred as no living specimen of such magnitude has been found, that the species which it represents has become degenerated. The variety of his position he endeavored to enforce by an allusion to the well known existence of giants in olden times. The following is the list on which this singular hypothesis is based:

The giant exhibited at Rouen in 1880 the Professor says measured nearly eighty feet.

Gladius saw a girl that was ten feet high.

The giant Galabara, brought Arabia to Rome under Claudius Caesar, was ten feet high.

Fannum, who lived in the time of Augustus II, measured eleven and a half feet.

The Chevalier Scrogg, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain, the head of a giant, who had sixty teeth and was not less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet high.

In 1841, near St. German was found the tomb of the giant Jaroni, who was not less than thirty feet high.

In 1850, near Rognen, was found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was nineteen feet high.

The giant Bane was twenty-two feet high; his thigh-bones were found in 1804, near the river Moselle.

In 1823, near the castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found thirty feet long, sixteen wide and eight high, on which was cut in gray stone these words, "Kingdom Rev." The skeleton was found entire, twenty-five and a quarter feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast bone to the back.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1816, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high, and in 1850, another thirty-four feet long.

Near Mazrine, in Sicily, in 1815, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high, the head was the size of a hoghead, and each of his teeth weighed five pounds.

We have no doubts that there were "giants in those days," and the past was perhaps more prolific in producing them than the present. But the history of giants during the olden time was not more remarkable than that of dwarfs, several of whom were even smaller than the Thumb and Nuts of our time.

An Episcopalian Against the "Green Head."

The extravagance and whims of fashion, we are well aware, are not to be written down, or put in the blush, by any appeal to propriety, good taste, or common sense, but it is none the less a duty to remonstrate against making the house of God a place for their exhibition. Most of our readers, no doubt, are aware that since "advanced doubtism," as it is called, came in vogue, it has been the habit of not a few persons, who have been sentimentally taken with it, to bow every time the Gloria Patri is said or sung. Very young ladies, it is observed, affect it the most. At first, the novelty was the occasion of remark, and in some cases, of remonstrance on the part of more than one steady-going rector. Since the termination of the "season" at the watering places, however, these young lady genuflections have had a new feature added to them. It is called, (it is difficult to say why) the Giraffe Bend, and has its most noticeable manifestations in such a distortion and doubling-up of the human form as would excite the disgust even of a South Sea Islander. This "bend" it was noticed in most of the Ritualistic Churches last Sunday, was studiously super-added to the "beckings and bowings



# The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.  
SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1898.

## The Delaware Whipping Post.

A great deal of twaddle has been written and published, recently, in and out of this State, on this subject. It has been characterized as a relic of barbarism and a disgrace to the civilization of the 19th century. We have no very high appreciation of the civilization of the 19th century, over and above that of several centuries preceding it, and readily conclude that any institution calculated to cast disgrace upon it, must be bad indeed. But, let us examine the matter a little, and see if there really is cause for the expenditure of all this surplus philanthropy over the Delaware whipping post, which so painfully affects the tender sensibilities of our mercenary moral sentimentalists. Submit the question to a practical test. Not one of the culprits punished by the lash, in New Castle, would prefer to take his whipping and go at large after it, to years of confinement in the penitentiaries of other States. And even where a short confinement of three or six months is imposed along with the lash, it would still be preferred, if the culprit's choice were consulted. This settles the question as to the humanity of the two kinds of punishment imposed for this grade of crime. Clearly, the lash is the lightest punishment, and per consequence, the most humane. It is disgraceful to witness the infliction of punishment, we grant; but let any one, who has seen the operation of the whipping-post, go to some State Penitentiary and witness the sadness and gloom which hang like a pall upon the countenances of the wretched convicts, and ask himself how many of them would not prefer to take the lash and their liberty to the weary years of confinement, if the alternative were presented to them. So much for the inhumanity of the thing. A great deal more might be said, but this will suffice.

On the score of public economy, the Delaware system of punishment has much more to commend it than the expensive State prisons of other States. It will not be denied, we presume, that punishment of some kind is necessary for the protection of society against the vicious marauders that would prey upon it. But why should society punish itself, in the infliction of punishment upon the vicious. This is done by the State-prison system. These expensive establishments are a heavy burden upon the body politic, in the way of taxation for their support. Few, if any of them, have ever been self-sustaining. The basis of their organization is, to arrest the vicious members of society and support them at the public expense. The system here, is, to punish, corporally, and turn them loose to support themselves, instead of being a charge upon society. Is this not the wiser course, as well as the most economical, and the most humane?

## The Proposed Railroad from Hallowtown to Elkton.

The Eastern Star is sanguine as to the projected enterprise. After recounting what has already been done, he asks:—"Why should not the railroad from Hallowtown to Elkton be built? It is essentially a Maryland work, intended to put the city of Baltimore in close railroad connection with the Eastern Shore counties—without 'going round the horn,' via Wilmington! The mutual interests of Baltimore and the Eastern Shore demand that this branch road should be built, and that speedily. It is also essential to enable us to flank the 'Delaware monopoly.' And there is only one thing which can defeat the early construction of the road, namely: the useless throwing away of the resources of the Maryland and Delaware Railroad Company upon the shippers who are now plotting to get possession of them. If the affairs of the Maryland and Delaware Railroad Company are properly directed, the road can be completed to Eastern without materially increasing its floating debt, and leave a large balance to aid in building the branch from Hallowtown to Elkton; and we understand that Cecil county has \$60,000 in cash all ready to be put into the road, and that responsible parties in Cecil have pledged themselves to contribute the amount to \$100,000. Baltimoreans have also signified their willingness to contribute \$100,000 towards its construction. The branch is 25 miles long, and will cost only about \$300,000. When built it will be a paying road, as it will run through a very fine country, and will afford facilities for freight, the lumber, coal, lime, &c. from Port Deposit, so much required on the Eastern Shore. The road can, ought and will be built; and although the editor of the Transcript is considerably our senior, we expect and believe that he will live to see it.

A letter from Washington says:—"Specifications as to the probable cost of General Grant's Cabinet continue to occupy all circles of society here, yet only a single point seems to be held in common, and that is, that the persistent effort, which will be made to force Edwin M. Stanton upon General Grant will prove successful.

The Electors met in their respective State capitals, on Wednesday last, and cast their votes for President and Vice President.

WINTER.—Tuesday was the first day of the season, according to the almanac, and for once the weather and the almanac were in full accord, for the atmosphere was emphatically wintry, and has been so ever since. The season awakens reflections as varied as the temperament, the state or condition of man. To the poor it is "dread winter," where "horror wide extends his desolate domain;" "sullen and sad, with all his rising train of vapours, clouds and storms." To the rich, these are the joyous winter days, crowned with fireside enjoyments, home happiness, and all the comforts and delights that the hours of long uninterrupted evening know. The seasons, in their turn, have each their own peculiar attractions and pleasures for man. Some prefer the budding glories and opening promise of Spring; some, the bright golden hours of the glowing Summer; and some, the "melancholy days" of sober Autumn. But Winter has its pleasures too:

Winter! I love thee, for thou com'st to me, Laden with joys congenial to my mind, Books that with birds and solitude agree, And all those virtues which adorn mankind. What though the meadows, and the "neighing hills," That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—What though the woodland brooks, and low-leaved firs, That charm'd our ears, and gratified our eyes, In thy forlorn habitations appear? What though the zephyrs of the summer tide, And all the softer beauties of the year Are fled and gone, kind heaven has not denied Our books and studies, music, conversation, And evening parties for our recreation; And these suffice, for seasons snatched away, Till spring leads forth the slowly-lengthening day.

The Cambridge Democrat and Herald proposes a canal from the head of Little Black Water River to Cambridge, seven miles. The advantages would be, that wood, lumber, grain, stock, poultry and every article produced on the farm, would then have a safe and cheap means of getting to market. Such a means of water communication would enable the fine oysters of Fishing Bay to be brought direct to Cambridge, where they could be shipped to Baltimore by steamer or by rail to Philadelphia. The thorough draining of thousands of acres of land along the canal, would triple the crops now yielded, and prove of immense advantage to the people generally.

It is stated in Washington that Minister McMahon, who succeeds Washburne in Paraguay, has received decisive instructions to proceed to Asuncion with Rear Admiral Davis and a naval squadron and redress the wrongs committed by Lopez on American citizens. McMahon at latest dates was at Rio Janeiro awaiting instructions.

D'Israeli, the British Premier, has resigned. The Times denounces what it terms his cowardly retreat, but the Post, Telegraph, News and Standard all applaud the prompt action of the Premier as calculated to save the Queen from embarrassment and his party from needless mortification.

Easton and Cambridge are discussing the question as to which is entitled to take the most prominent position among the towns on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. They will both have to yield that position to Elkton.

The claims of Hon. John A. J. Creswell, of Cecil, are urged in some of the Republican papers in Maryland, for a seat in Gen. Grant's cabinet, as a representative of the border States.

## POLITICAL STATUS OF GEN. GRANT.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette writes:—"People generally here and hereabouts are beginning to realize the situation, and to perceive that the new President will be wholly in the hands of the extremists of his party."

The Cambridge Democrat and Herald announces that "Congress meets on Monday next, and there will be a devil of a time, no doubt."

SPECIE PAYMENTS.—We have very faint hopes of a return to specie payments within any reasonable period of time, but we spread before our readers the following extracts from some of our exchanges upon the subject, which will pass only for what they are worth:

A Washington letter says:—"There is a powerful combination now forming in this city, headed by Jay Cooke, for the purpose of securing an early resumption of specie payments. The combination is said to embrace a large number of the ablest men in the Republican ranks, who repudiate the proposition of Senator Sherman to prepare for resumption two years hence. They express the determination to have specie payments at a much earlier day, and the purpose is to press for an immediate resumption. A leading politician here who professes to be in combination, says, that the scheme is fully endorsed by General Grant, who will throw the whole weight of his influence in its favor, and who will take an active part in securing its success."

It is stated that Senator Sumner recently expressed himself as determined to take a stand in Congress for the immediate resumption of specie payments.

In the absence of more exciting topics, the newspapers here (Washington) are discussing with vehemence the question of "resuming" specie payments.

The New York Commercial is discussing with the Times, the feasibility of resuming specie payments.

## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

MR. GREELY'S LECTURE.—Quite a number of persons from Middletown and vicinity purpose attending Mr. Greely's lecture on "Self-Made Men," to be delivered at Elkton on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock. Mr. Greely is not much of a favorite among our citizens, but his notoriety attracts, not less than the subject of his lecture, which is a very popular one, and which the lecturer possesses the ability to present to his auditors in a very attractive form, provided he will keep his peculiar idiosyncrasies out of view.

Rev. A. A. Willis, will also deliver a lecture in the Odd Fellows' Hall, at Elkton, on Thursday evening, January 14, 1898. Subject—"Sunshine the Secret of Happiness."

POST OFFICE AFFAIRS.—A new post office is established at Urvellie, Kent county, Md. and Henry M. Rollison appointed postmaster; directly on the route from Elkton to Chestertown, on which service is six times a week. At Fieldsboro', New Castle county, Del. Edward Silex, Jr. is appointed postmaster, vice Joseph C. Hutchison, resigned. At Felton Station, Kent county, Del. M. Norris Stevenson is appointed postmaster, vice Wm. H. Cain, failed to bond.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MIDDLETOWN.—There have been erected in Middletown, during this year, twenty-two dwelling houses, one brick and two frame store houses, one steam cash factory, one large brick Town Hall, seventy feet square, and one large ware-room, besides stables and other out-buildings. Where is the town of not more than one thousand inhabitants, that can show more extensive improvements during the year?

Fairs, festivals, hops, lectures, concerts and sociables, are all projected, here, this winter, in view of the speedy completion of the Town Hall. Our citizens are fond of amusement, and will not lack that kind of alibi after the Hall is finished. A public Library and Lyceum, are also contemplated. Several gentlemen, with most commendable liberality and public spirit, have expressed a determination to make donations in aid of a Library.

The Cecil Democrat says:—"Easton papers say that a railroad is projected from Elkton to Hallowtown, in Caroline county, thereby to secure an equal chance for Baltimore, etc. This may be 'projected,' but it will never be built, nor would it pay if it should. If the people below want a direct route to Baltimore, they can readily secure it at a less cost, by making a short road from Elkton to Middletown."

Duck-shooting on the Bohemia and Sasfras rivers, has been quite lively this Fall. Two young gentlemen killed 66, in 24 hours, recently, on the Bohemia. They secured forty-eight, and eighteen others could not be secured, on account of the stormy day. We are indebted to one of the gentlemen alluded to, who is a capital shot, for a brace of fine black-heads.

A rumor was current here, some days since, that Mr. Charles Smith, carpenter, formerly of this town, was knocked overboard and drowned, from an oyster boat, between Wilmington and Philadelphia, on the 18th of November. This cannot be true, as a letter has been received here since from Mr. Smith, dated New Haven, Ct. Nov. 21st, 1898.

A protracted meeting has been in progress at the Warwick Methodist Protestant Church, for five weeks. Rev. Dr. Ewell, pastor. Forty-eight persons have been added to the Church, in that place, and about sixty have professed a change of heart. The meeting is still in progress.

Mr. Wm. Moat is building on Lake street, a frame tenement, 35 by 28 feet. Mr. John Morrison, contractor. Mr. Morrison is also erecting two back buildings for Mrs. Lydia V. Cannon, on Main street.

Mr. Lingo is building a dwelling house for Mr. Thomas W. Bucke, on Lake st.

Elizabeth Massey, a colored woman living on the farm of Mr. Samuel Fenimore, near Odessa, had the thumb of her left hand amputated on Monday last, by Dr. G. G. Chamberlaine, of this town, on account of bone fester. Chloric Ether was administered to facilitate the operation.

John Peoples, of Christians Hundred, was on Wednesday chosen Cashier of the National Union Bank of Delaware, at Wilmington, vice Joseph W. Day.

The Gazette says that the liabilities of Mr. Day, the late defaulting cashier, will amount to \$44,500.

FRESH FISH.—Our town has been supplied for some weeks past, with pike, perch, and mullets, from Noxentown mill-pond. There are taken by the gill-net, and are sold at ten cents per pound.

An election for nine Directors will be held in the banking house at Odessa, on Wednesday, the 6th of January next, at 3 o'clock, P. M. See notice of Cashier, in our advertising columns.

Wm. C. T. Poulson, convicted of forgery a year or so ago, and confined since at New Castle, has been unconditionally pardoned by the President of the United States and set at liberty.

The bridge over the Sasfras river, between Georgetown and Fredericktown, is nearly completed. This will be a great public convenience, one which has long been needed.

Mr. Isaac Slaughter, of Cecil, mail carrier between that place and Middletown, slaughtered a hog a few days ago, which weighed 551 pounds. It was eighteen months old.

In the Court at New Castle, on Thursday, the jury in the case of Wm. M. Johnson vs. Samuel Townsend, (a civil action to recover damages for assault and battery) awarded a verdict for the plaintiff of \$200.

Joseph Shirby, indicted for arson, pleaded guilty a day or two since, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500, to pay \$1,000 restitution, costs of suit, and on Saturday next, December 5, to stand in the pillory thirty minutes, to be whipped with twenty lashes and imprisoned four years. Four other prisoners, convicted of petty larceny, were sentenced to be whipped on the same day, to pay fines, and to undergo various terms of imprisonment.

State vs. Aaron Conner, charged with rape, continued from last term, postponed until next court.

Mr. John Morrison, carpenter, and Mr. Frank Stevens, an employee, while at work on Mr. Moat's building, in this town, on Wednesday, were precipitated to the ground, a distance of seventeen feet, by the breaking of the scaffold. Both were considerably stunned and bruised by the fall, but fortunately sustained no severe injury. Another of the workmen saved himself from falling by clinging to the cornice, and climbing in at the window.

SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM.—Mr. W. J. Brittingham, trustee, sold last week 700 acres of the Essex Farm, lying on the Pocomoke river, to Messrs. J. C. Matthews and William Polk, of Odessa, Delaware, for the sum of \$18,000. The homestead and improvements lying south of the road leading from Stevens' Ferry to Rehoboth are embraced in the purchase. —Somerset Herald.

Mr. Charles P. Cochran, of this vicinity, slaughtered 19 hogs, last year, which averaged 448 lbs. Mr. C. has 15 head to slaughter now, which will probably equal in size those of last year.

A number of Army and Navy officers assembled at Fort Delaware, on Thursday, to witness the result of the experimental firing of heavy ordnance.

LAND SALE.—Benj. Caulk, Esq. has sold his two farms in Appoquinimink Hd. containing about 310 acres, to Wm. E. Riley, Esq. for \$25,000.

The farm of Mrs. Susan B. Foard, on Bohemia Manor, advertised for sale in these columns, has been withdrawn from sale.

Coal is selling in Wilmington at:—Nut, \$9; Egg, \$9.75 @ \$10; Stove, \$10 @ \$11.

Fresh pork is selling here at \$10 per hundred pounds.

## Things in Kent County, Md.

STEAM YACHT.—General R. Clay Crawford, of Philadelphia, a Federal officer during the late war, again visited our town this week in his steam yacht, Tennessee. The General first visited our town some two weeks since, and he was so much pleased with its location and the beauty of Chester river, that he immediately entered into negotiations for the purchase of the late residence, with the grounds, of E. F. Chambers, deceased. On this, the General's second visit, the purchase was completed, for the sum of fifty-four hundred dollars. The General, we learn, will modernize and thoroughly repair the house, as a residence during part of the year. His steam yacht was built in Philadelphia and cost eleven thousand dollars. She has a powerful engine, which has some new features; and she can make, in calm weather, fifteen miles an hour. Her owner uses her for ducking and fishing and water excursions. The General says she is the first steam yacht built in this country, and is a complete success in every particular. —Chestertown Transcript.

BANK RESIGNATION.—We learn that Col. Spencer, Cashier of Kent National Bank, intends resigning his position to take effect the first of January ensuing. Col. Spencer is engaged very largely in the peach business, having near eighteen thousand trees on his place. In addition to this, he is now commencing the cultivation of small fruits—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and cranberries—on a large scale, which, if as successful as his peaches have been, will get the same number one reputation in the markets of our cities. These things, we presume, will command the whole time of the Colonel, and has determined his withdrawal from the Bank. —Kent News.

SALES OF REAL ESTATE.—The farm on which C. C. Smith resides, containing 301 acres, was sold at trustee's sale, on Tuesday, by R. Hynson, Esq. and purchased by John T. Edwards, of Cumberland, at \$20,000 cash. The same gentleman, as attorney for John Kennedy, sold at Kennedyville, on Saturday last, eleven building lots in that village, ranging in price from \$5 to \$11 per front foot. —Kent News.

AFFAIRS IN CECIL COUNTY.—The Elkton (Md.) papers contain the following items: On Wednesday last, a young white man, named Taylor McDowell, and two colored men, named Rogers, were drowned in the Susquehanna, near Port Deposit. They with others were at work among drift logs, and their skiff took water to such an extent that for safety they jumped overboard to swim ashore, but the cold water made them helpless. Three others clung to the skiff and drifted ashore.

On Saturday last, while two youths, named Chas. Lowe and Benj. Simcoe, of Northeast, were out ducking, by some means the gun of Simcoe was fired, and the whole load lodged in the side of Lowe, causing instant death. The deceased was a son of Ephraim P. Lowe, Esq.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN FRANCE.—Never since the establishment of the second French empire has the government adopted so despotic measures against the press as it does at present. All the Paris papers which have received subscriptions for the erection of a monument to Baudin, the republican deputy who lost his life in defending the republic against the coup d'etat, are being heavily fined. There is no country in Europe, remarks the New York Tribune, which has at present equal odious press laws, except perhaps Russia and Turkey. —Balt. Sun.

## Men of Wealth.

An account before us of the luxurious style of living among some of the English aristocracy throws the most brilliant of our American "swells" considerably into the shade. About sixty miles from London is the estate of the Earl of Spencer, which comprises ten thousand acres, divided into parks, meadows, pastures, woods and gardens. His library contains fifty thousand volumes, and is said to be the finest private library in the world. The Duke of Richmond's home farm consists of twenty-three thousand acres, or over thirty-five square miles, and this is in crowded England, which has in all only an area of 50,000 square miles, or just thirty-five millions of acres, giving, were the land divided, less than two acres to each inhabitant. The residence of the Duke is fitted up with Oriental magnificence. Twenty-five race horses stand in his stables, each under the care of a special groom. The dishes and plate upon the table are all of porcelain, silver and gold. His aviary is supplied with almost every variety of rare and elegant birds, and large herds of cattle, sheep and deer are spread over the immense lawns. In the same authority from which we gather these facts, says that the Duke of Devonshire's palace, at Chatsworth, excels in magnificence any other in the kingdom. He spends the whole of his enormous income. In the grounds about the house are kept 400 head of cattle, and 1,400 deer. The kitchen garden contains twelve acres, and is filled with almost every species of fruit and vegetables. A vast arboretum connected with this establishment is designed to contain a sample of every tree that grows. There is also a glass conservatory 387 feet in length, 112 feet in breadth, 67 feet in height, covered by 76,000 square feet of glass, and warmed by seven miles of pipe, conveying hot water. One plant was obtained by a special messenger, and is valued at \$10,000. One of the fountains, near the house, plays 276 feet high, said to be the highest in the world. Chatsworth contains 3,500 acres, but the Duke owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derbyshire. Within the entire is one vast scene of paintings, sculpture, mosaic work, carved woodwork, and all the elegancies and luxuries within the reach of almost boundless wealth and highly refined taste. Five-sixths of the soil of England is divided among scarcely thirty thousand proprietors. There are twenty-nine bankers in London whose transactions yearly embrace six or seven hundred millions sterling.

Mrs. HARRIET BRECHER STOWE CONVERTED.—We hear from Florida that Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who a year or two ago bought a place on the St. Johns river near Jacksonville, says she wants to live long enough to write another book to correct the mistakes of "Uncle Tom," and to show that a great blunder was committed when slavery was abolished. From her first condition of sentimental attachment to the negro she has lapsed into a state of unconquerable dislike and aversion. She will not have them about her, either in doors or out. She turned them all off her place, and allows no one with a black skin to approach her. We are told that an acquaintance of ours sought to send her a message by a black stevedore on board a steamboat, but she refused to allow the negro to approach her. Her mind, as we have been credibly informed, is very much inflamed against the negro; and this, probably, from comparing their efficiency and aptitude as laborers and servants with that of the Northern whites. Her fancy picture of the African has been spoiled, and her sentimental affection has turned, in consequence, to violent aversion. —Macon, Ga. Telegraph.

HUNNIETT'S FALL.—The New Nation, the Richmond organ of extreme radicalism, has subsided from a daily to a weekly, the Rev. Mr. Hunniett, its editor, having announced in his Saturday's issue that "owing to unexplained prostration" he was forced to suspend the publication of the daily from this date. Mr. Hunniett, who is a clerical politician of the Browlow order and spirit, and the recognized political high priest of the freed-men, was a prominent candidate for the nomination of the republican convention of Virginia for Governor, but failed to get it. Gen. Wells, late of Michigan, who represents what claims to be the more conservative wing of the republican party in Virginia, having obtained the nomination by a large majority. It would seem as if the situation in Virginia were brightening a little, when the recognized exponent of ultra radicalism has thus fallen out of favor with his own party.

Mrs. A. Gatewood, of 37 Bleeker street, New York, a day or two ago stole a quantity of lace from Mrs. Eaton, a dressmaker. On Tuesday, detectives arrested her, when she confessed her guilt, and asked a few minutes privacy before accompanying the officers. She was permitted to retire, and failing to return, the officers went up-stairs, and found she had cut her throat with a razor and was dead. Her friends state she was subject to kleptomania.

THE SUGAR CROP.—The Louisiana papers say the season has been a splendid one for the sugar planters, and they are making preparations for more extensive cultivation of the cane next year. The yield of the cane is everywhere greater than has been known for years back, and the quality of the sugar is superior to that of past times. At the present prices of sugar and molasses the planters will relieve themselves of many of their embarrassments.

In the United States Circuit Court at Richmond on Monday, Robert Ould, counsel for Mr. Jefferson Davis, moved to quash the indictment on the ground that the Fourteenth amendment prescribes the mode for punishing participation in the rebellion, which is disfranchisement, and no other punishment is prescribed. The prosecution moved to postpone the motion until the latter part of the term, but Chief Justice Chase decided to hear arguments on the motion on Thursday.

## The Grandeur of Nature.

We live peacefully on the surface of the earth, while oceans of fire roll beneath our feet. In the great womb of the globe the everlasting forge is at work. How dreadful must an earthquake be, when we are told by Pliny that twelve cities in Asia Minor were swallowed up in one night! Not a vestige remained; they were lost in the tremendous maw forever! Millions of human beings have been swallowed up while flying for safety. In the bowels of the earth nature performs her wonders at the same moment that she is firing the heavens with her lightnings. Her thunder roll above our head and beneath our feet, where the eye of mortal man never penetrated. In the vast vortex of the volcano the universal forge empties its melted metals. The roar of Atna has been the knell of thousands, when it poured forth its catarrh of fire over one of the fairest portions of the earth, and swept into ruins ages of industry. In the reign of Titus Vespasian, in the year 70, the volcano of Vesuvius dashed its fiery billows to the clouds, and buried in burning lava the cities of Herculaneum, Stabæ and Pompei, which then flourished near Naples. In the streets once busy with the hum of industry, and where the celebrated ancients walked, the modern philosopher now stands and ruminates upon fallen grandeur. While the inhabitants were unmindful of the danger which awaited them, while they were busied with plans of wealth and greatness, the irresistible flood of fire came roaring from the mountain, and shrouded them in the eternal night. Seventeen centuries have rolled over them, and their lonely habitation and works remain as their monuments. They were swept away in the torrent of time; the waves of ages have settled over them, and all alone preserved their memory. Great nature, how sublime are all thy works!

## THE PERPETUAL SESSION OF CONGRESS.

—There is a movement on foot for the repeal of the act providing for a perpetual session of Congress. The act, it will be remembered, was passed January 22, 1867, and provides that in addition to the regular time of the meeting of Congress there shall be a meeting of the Fortieth Congress of the United States and of each successive Congress thereafter at twelve o'clock M. on the 4th day of March, the day on which the term begins for which the Congress is elected, thus, in effect, making the session of Congress the whole year round. When it was adopted it had a special object in view—namely, to watch Andrew Johnson, that terrible executive officer, lest during some interval of congressional repose he might perpetrate some bold act that would upset reconstruction and destroy the radical party. That danger having passed, leading radicals consider there is no longer any necessity for exhausting vigilance, and go in for a little rest hereafter. It is probable the act will be repealed this winter. —Washington Correspondence of the New York Herald.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Leslie and her two children were burned to death at Sing Sing, on Saturday evening, in consequence of the upsetting of a kerosene lamp. The mother was holding her infant in her arms, and her little boy, aged three years, was playing under a table on which a kerosene lamp was burning. The little fellow in his play kicked the table, and the kerosene spilling over ignited, exploding the lamp. The flaming fluid ran down upon the boy, setting his clothing on fire. The mother, seeing his peril, placed her babe upon the floor and rushed to the rescue of her son. She was in flames in a moment, and the treacherous fluid also encircled the infant setting its clothing on fire. The piercing shrieks of the mother and her children soon brought the neighbors to her rescue, and the consuming flames were speedily extinguished, but not until the three victims were so horribly burned as to result in death.

A double murder occurred at Prestonburg, Ky. a few days since. A constable named John Moore, while striving to collect a debt from William Huff, had a quarrel with him. Moore then armed himself, and meeting Huff shot him dead in the street. Moore was arrested, but a son of Huff, fearing the murderer of his father would escape, went to the jail, and calling Moore to the window of his cell, shot him in the head, inflicting a fatal wound. Public opinion there was very strong against Moore, and justifies his murder.

We are pained to announce that the estimable wife of Bishop Lee of this diocese—Julia White Lee—died at the residence of her husband, in Wilmington on Sunday morning. For several weeks past Mrs. Lee had been seriously afflicted with what appeared to be a cold, but which rapidly developed itself as wasting consumption. —Journal and Statesman.

SHOW IN EUROPE.—The foreign papers of the 16th say that there has been such a heavy fall of snow upon the Alps that for two days the traffic upon the Fell railway over Mont Cenis, both for goods and passengers has been suspended. The Italian says that many of the travelers proceeding to France were compelled to return to Genoa and embark there for Marseilles.

The municipal election in New York on Tuesday resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket. A. Oakley Hall was elected Mayor and Richard O'Grady Corporation Counsel, by 54,000 majority, in a vote of about 75,000.

A few nights since T. F. Timmons, a cattle dealer, while passing a bridge near West Jefferson, O. was thrown from his horse by a cord thrown across the bridge, and robbed of \$7,500 by two highwaymen. George Rounds, Wm. Wells and Wm. Wilson, are to be hung at Princess Anne, Md. on the 5th of January for the murder of the captain and mate of the schooner Brave, in March last.

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## Items of News.

A small frame house near Pine's wharf, Accomac County, Va. occupied by a negro family, was recently burned, and four children roasted in the flames. Efforts were made to rescue the children, but they were unavailing, the building being enveloped in flames when the fire was discovered, and there being nobody in the house except the children.

The bee-raisers in the vicinity of Louisville, for a circuit of twenty-five miles, were recently startled by the discovery that their bees had all simultaneously decamped, going no one knew whither. The mystery is still unsolved. The deserted hives were all full of honey, weighing from sixty to seventy-five pounds each.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued an order to collectors of Internal Revenue directing them to deposit all public moneys, after the 1st of December, with an Assistant United States Treasurer, or with a designated public depository, and to discontinue the practice of depositing with National Banks.

John Nevins, a native of Ireland, and living with his son at Underhill, Vermont, is said to be 117 years old, and yet is as vigorous as a man of sixty. He has worked on his son's farm during the past season. He is the father of thirteen children, the "baby" of the family being fifty years old.

It is stated that Clarkson M. Potter, of New York, gets a fee of \$400,000 from the London bankers, Overend, Gurney & Co. for prosecuting their suits against the Atlantic and Great Western Railway Company. Mr. Potter is a son of Bishop Potter, and a democratic Congressman elect.

The rice crop of Plaquemine Parish, La. is said to be this year the largest and best ever made. The rice planters will ship to market over 25,000 barrels, 230 pounds each, of clean rice. The sugar crop of that parish is expected to amount to 10,000 or 12,000 hogheads.

Some time during Tuesday night last Miss Peck, a relative of the Collector of the Port of Mobile, and a passenger on board the steamer Sarah, from that city to New Orleans, had stolen from under her pillow nine thousand dollars in greenbacks.

A bill is on its third reading in the Tennessee Legislature providing that lawyers who do not gain their cases shall not receive any fee. The idea is to prevent needless litigation, which is stimulated by unscrupulous lawyers.

The Union Pacific road conveys passengers one thousand four hundred and thirty miles from Chicago. "Only ten days to California" is advertised by the company, in connection with the Wells-Fargo Express.

Ashler L. Smith, a produce dealer, was knocked down on Cambridge bridge, Massachusetts, Sunday night, and robbed of over \$1,500 and a gold watch. The robber escaped without being identified.

The sleighing is excellent in Oxford, Franklin, and Androscoggin counties, in Maine. At Livermore Falls snow was a foot deep a few days ago, and at Farmington there was still more.

The ship Hellepont, from Melbourne, Australia, went to pieces near San Francisco, Cal. on Thursday, and eleven of her crew, including the captain and mate, were lost.

Mrs. Thomas Williams, the wife of a St. Louis huckster, gave birth to four living children last Tuesday—three girls and one boy. Two of the children have died.

It is stated that Mary Hayes, the Louisville courtesan who fell heir to five hundred thousand dollars in gold, is lying in the last stages of consumption in this city. Governor Scott, of South Carolina, sent in his message to the Legislature on Monday. He says no State is more solvent or has a fairer prospect of meeting her liabilities.

The Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis has adopted resolutions approving the bill now before Congress favoring the uniting of telegraphing with the postal department.

A box containing upward of \$30,000 in securities of various kinds was taken from the safe of the Pequot Bank, of Bridgeport, on Monday afternoon.

About 160 barrels of ale were run off into the sewers of Buffalo the other day, the watchman of the brewery having been drowned in the vat containing it.

The negro woman, Martha Starkey, is still in jail in Centerville, under the indictment of assault and battery with intent to kill Mrs. Guillemin.

A Salt Lake despatch says that new and rich silver mines have been discovered on White river, the ore yielding from \$6,000 to \$10,000 per ton.

Snow fell to the depth of eight inches in Shoreham, Vt. on Saturday, while in Osgood, which lies adjoining, the farmers were plowing.

John Powell died in a New York ball room on Thanksgiving night. Too much dancing and heart disease were the cause.

A Florence correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says that Garibaldi is determined to leave Capri and go to America. The newspapers having announced everything else about Reverdy Johnson, now say he has forty grandchildren.

Sheet music reproduced in a miniature shape by means of the camera, has made its appearance in New York.

Mrs. Moran, 105 years old, died on Thursday, in the Mercy Hospital, Chicago. She was born in







Original Poetry.
ASHES OF HOPE.
Written for the Middletown Transcript
BY GAILLIE.
TO DARK EYES.
In memory of Greenwood Cemetery, September 14th, 1868.
There was a time in former years
When all around me was blooming,
When loudly sounded joyful cheers
And every drop of sad'ning tears
Youth's sun was fast consuming.
When Fancy at her brightest scope
My inmost thoughts was thrilling,
And Future's adamantine Hope
Life's honey was distilling.
But now I see my boyish trust
Met by misfortune's lashes,
My Castles in the air are dust
And all my hopes are ashes.
You vessel rocking on the sea,
—Each mast like a tower—
In hopeful, independent, free,
Dreams not how near she soon may be
To some destructive power.
With female vanity she eyes
Her image in each billow,
And deems her canopy the skies,
The blue, soft sea her pillow,
But stormy dark lurking in the main
Wreck her by fearful dashes,
I saw and quoth: "Vain Hope is vain
And all man's Hopes are ashes!"
Lo! yonder man, Hope's telescope
Landsight him into future;
Oblivious of such men like Job,
He looks through lenses made by Hope
And smiling sees all nature.
In history he finds his name
Marked with a writ of fire,
He dreams of nothing else but fame,
Climbs stars above and higher,
But those that rise to far enough
Come nigh to heaven's flashes,
Which strike the proud, and "fame good bye"
Thy hopes are naught but ashes.
In life's great play each takes his part
And must pay its expenses,
I loved—why not?—Man has a heart,
And Cupid aims with pointed dart
Until you lose your senses.
I too lost mine (and they are gone)
In one dark lurking—curled,
I proved her dark eyes were the sun
That now illumine the world.
But through here falsehood dire, I tore
My loves frail-woven meshes,
My fuel of Hope exists no more
'Tis burned up, to ashes!
Thus stand I by the altar of Love
Where once my offering was burned,
Eliciting once a fire sublime
They are consumed at present time,
All into ashes turned.
To place the last reminder
Of offerings at a sacred spot
For ever to be retained here;
Thus shall I save these relics of old
Devoid of life and power,
For, though they presently be cold,
They are my old Hope's ashes!

Wit and Humor.
Not a great while ago, a Western land-lord some what noted for his blunders, took it into his head to get up a ball at his "lavern." As he intended to do the thing up brown, and have everything on the big sugar plan, he fancied that a few "store fixtures" would be a great addition to the bill of fare of pork and turkey. He therefore made inquiry of his friends and found that the only delicacy in market at that season of the year was sardines; accordingly he sent to the nearest city for two dozen boxes sardines. His chirography, however, was so bad as to make it read, "two dozen boxes syringes." The night of the party came, and as supper time drew near, the landlord looked anxiously down the street for the appearance of the stage, which was to bring the principal dish on the bill. At last it arrived, and with a package for the expectant landlord. Directly there was a great outcry, and a sound of cursing in the bar-room. The entire party rushed out to see what was the matter, and there stood Boniface, mad as a turkey-cock, puffing and blowing with rage. "See there," said he, "see there! I sent to Dubuque for two dozen boxes of sardines for supper to-night and the cursed fool sent me twenty-three boxes of them d—n powder spirit guns, and says that's all there was in market."

"Hans, where were you born?" "On the Haidorbarack." "What! always." "Yaw and before, too." "How old are you then." "When the old school house was builded, I was two weeks more nor a year what ish painted red, as you go home mit your pack behind you, on the right hand side by the old blacksmith shop, wich stand where it was burnt down next year will be two weeks."

A lady that would please herself in marrying, was warned that her husband was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

A young writer wishes to know of us "which magazine will give me the highest position the quickest." We reply a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article.

"There is one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea captain, "and that's courtship, cause on that ship there's two mates and no captain."

TIMELY HINTS TO ALL.
How many have lost a father, mother, brother, sister, or an innocent, prattling child, and have not even a shadow of resemblance to look upon. After the separation some little toy or a trifling article is often kept for years, and cherished as a token of remembrance. How much more esteemed and valuable would be one of Hoxsone's Perfect Photographs, of the loved and lost. There is scarcely any one who does not take pleasure in gazing on the features of a friend, and when that friend has been removed by death, we often hear the exclamation with an expression of regret: "Oh what would I not give for such a picture of my friend." Hoxsone's perfect photographs cannot do a better thing than your mind upon the subject, then take an hour or two and visit Hoxsone's gallery, then you may, at some future period, have reason to feel grateful for these timely hints from JOHN M. HORSING, Middletown, Del.

The best memento that you can apply, Or leave a valued friend when you die, Is the life-speaking picture taken in health. Far better than all of earth's fading wealth. July 11-17

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Hooftland's German Tonic.
The Great Remedies for all Diseases of the LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Is composed of the purest juices (or, as they are medicinally termed Extracts) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely free from all alcoholic admixture of any kind.
Hooftland's German Tonic.
Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Sarsaparilla, and Orange, making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.
Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use
Hooftland's German Bitters.
Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, should use
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC
They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.
The stomach, from a variety of causes such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as closely as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hiccups, or Difficulty Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.
The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which he is assured from his investigations and inquiries, possesses true merit, is skillfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies—
Hooftland's German Bitters, AND Hooftland's German Tonic
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Thirty-five years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent than any other remedies known to the public.
These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhoea, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach or Intestines.
Resulting from any cause whatever; prostration of the system, induced by severe labor, hardships, exposure, fevers, etc.
Persons advanced in life and feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this Bitters, or the Tonic, an elixir that will instill new life into their system, restore a measure of energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.
NOTICE.
It is a well established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health, or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.
To this class of persons the Bitters, or the Tonic is especially recommended.
WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN
Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of Marasmus without fail.
TESTIMONIALS.
Hon. Geo. W. Woodward,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa. writes:
Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.
"I find Hooftland's German Bitters a good tonic, useful in the diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous action in the system.
Yours, truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."
Hon. James Thompson,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, April 28, 1866.
I consider "Hooftland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.
From Rev. J. H. Kennard, D. D.
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
Dr. Jackson,—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the use of Dr. Hooftland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaints, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates St.
From Rev. E. D. Fendall,
Assistant Editor, Christian Chronicle, Philada.
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hooftland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility, or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours, truly, E. D. FENDALL.
CAUTION.—See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.
Principal Office and Manufactory at No. 621 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor.
PRICE.—Hooftland's German Bitters, per bottle, \$1.00—half dozen, \$5.00. Hooftland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, \$1.50 per bottle, or a half dozen for \$7.50.
FOR SALE BY ALL Druggists and Storekeepers, Everywhere.
Aug. 1—1 year.

Delaware Rail Road Line.
Fall Arrangement.
ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice:
ALL TRAINS SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.
NORTH.
Leave Crisfield, 7:00 A. M.
" Marion, 7:40
" Kingston, 8:05
" Westover, 8:30
" Prin. Anne, 9:10
" Eden, 9:40
" Porttown, 10:00
" Salisbury, 10:30
" Delmar, 10:45
" Laurel, 11:05
" Seaford, 11:30
" Bridgeville, 11:50
" Greenwood, 12:00 P. M.
" Farmington, 12:15 P. M.
" Harrington, 1:00
" Felton, 1:15
" Plymouth, 1:30
" Canterbury, 1:40
" Wil. Grove, 1:55
" Camden, 2:10
" Dover, 2:30
" Moorton, 2:45
" Brenford, 3:10
" Smyrna, 3:25
" Clayton, 3:40
" Sassafras R'd, 3:55
" Blackbird, 4:10
" Townsend, 4:20
" Middletown, 4:35
" Mt Pleasant, 4:50
" St Georges, 5:05
" Bear, 5:20
" New Castle, 5:35
" Arrive Wilm., 5:45 P. M.
" Philad'a, 11:45 A. M. 5:40 P. M.
" Baltimore, 1:15 P. M. 8:10 "
SOUTH.
Leave Philad'a, 8:30 A. M. 5:00 P. M.
" Wilm., 9:15
" New Castle, 10:30
" Bear, 10:50
" St Georges, 11:00
" Camden, 11:15
" Middletown, 11:35
" Townsend, 11:45
" Blackbird, 11:55
" Sassafras, 12:10
" Clayton, 12:25
" Arrive Smyrna, 12:35
" Leave Brenford, 12:40
" Moorton, 12:50
" Dover, 1:05
" Camden, 1:20
" Wil. Grove, 1:35
" Canterbury, 1:50
" Plymouth, 2:05
" Felton, 2:20
" Harrington, 2:35
" Farmington, 2:50
" Greenwood, 3:05
" Bridgeville, 3:20
" Seaford, 3:35
" Laurel, 3:50
" Delmar, 4:05
" Salisbury, 4:20
" Porttown, 4:35
" Eden, 4:50
" Prin. Anne, 5:05
" Westover, 5:20
" Kingston, 5:35
" Marion, 5:50
" Arrive Crisfield, 6:45 P. M.
Also, Freight Trains with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4:00 A. M. New Castle, 4:50, Middletown, 5:40, Clayton, 7:30, Dover, 8:20, Camden, 9:10, Felton, 10:05, and be due at Harrington about 10:30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 9:20 P. M. Felton, 4:00, Camden, 5:05, Dover, 5:55, Moorton, 6:55, Clayton, 7:45, Middletown, 8:40, New Castle, 9:20, and be due at Wilmington, about 9:50 P. M. Subject to delays incident to Freight Business. This train will stop to take up Passengers only at Stations named, but will not stop to take up Freight. Passengers at all stopping places, except Hare's Corner, State Road, Del. Junction and Dpnot.
NEW CASTLE TRAINS.—Leave New Castle for Wilmington and Philadelphia at 7:40 A. M.—Leave Philadelphia at 11:45 A. M., and Wilmington at 1:00 P. M. for New Castle.
SEAFORD BRANCH TRAINS.—Additional to those above leave Smyrna for Clayton 11:45 A. M. and 8:10 P. M. Leave Clayton for Smyrna, 8:40 A. M. and 2:10 P. M. to make connection with trains to and from Dover, and Stations South.
Steamboat Trains heretofore run are withdrawn. A Boat will, however, leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with Local Train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings.
E. Q. SEWELL,
Superintendent Delaware R. R.
April 18.

W. M. KENNARD, 306 MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.
ONE PRICE ONLY! NO DEVIATION.
W. M. KENNARD, No. 306 MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, OFFERS to the Buying Public a large and attractive assortment of FALL GOODS
Selected with great care among the best and largest Importers of New York and Philadelphia, and at the Lowest Prices Ruling This Season!
Believing the secret of increasing business to be in LOW PRICES,
We shall, in addition to the large assortment presented to Buyers, offer our goods as low as can be purchased in any market.
The principle on which business is conducted in this establishment is the best for all concerned, viz: ONE PRICE; ADVANTAGE DERIVED: Less time spent in dealing; no one paying more than another, and the certainty of getting goods at the LOWEST PRICES.
It being absolutely necessary to mark all goods very low so as to meet those who fall in prices when asked.
Immense Stock of Domestic Goods at wholesale prices by the piece, and a very small advance by the yard.
Cloth and Cassimere Department, FULL AND COMPLETE.
FLANNELS, IN EVERY VARIETY.
DRESS GOODS, SILK AND SHAWL DEPARTMENT
Contains a large and fine assortment of FINE, MEDIUM AND LOW PRICE GOODS.
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, WINDOW SHADES, DOOR MATTS, & C.
All at the lowest New York prices.
W. M. KENNARD, 306 MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.
Oct. 3—1 year.

SEWING MACHINES.
WILCOX & GIBBS' TWISTED LOOP-STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. THE BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINES IN THE WORLD.
OBVIOUS REASONS WHY THE WILCOX & GIBBS Family Sewing Machines ARE BECOMING SO POPULAR:
FIRST, Because they make the "Twisted Loop-Stitch," which is the most Beautiful, Elastic, and Durable Stitch known.
SECOND, Because they are adapted to the Greatest Range of Work, and will use either Cotton, Silk, or Linen Thread successfully.
THIRD, Because they are Perfectly Simple in their Construction; and will Hem, Felt, Stitch, Bind, Cord, Tuck, Gather, and Embroider, in the most perfect manner.
FOURTH, Because they use but One Spool, and are found Competent when all others Fail.
Read the following Statements of Facts and Commendations of Individuals and of the Press in regard to the WILCOX & GIBBS Family Sewing Machines.
From the Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad.
ALTOONA, Pa. Sept. 14, 1865.
One of your Sewing Machines has been used in my family for several years. For simplicity and mechanical accuracy of construction, I have seen no Sewing Machine equal to it. The speed and correctness with which it does its work are admirable. It has given and continues to give us entire satisfaction.
ENOCH LEWIS.
DOVER, Sept. 12th, 1865.
Messrs. Wilcox & Gibbs.—Gentlemen.—Having had eighteen months' experience with your Family Sewing Machine, I take pleasure in saying that it has given perfect satisfaction. It has been the means of selling several in this locality.
D. F. BURTON.
"SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," Jan. 29th 1859.—"The simplicity and accuracy of its mechanism, and the fact that it is so easily and so cheaply brought to the 'chain stitch' into disrepute. One cannot but admire the beauty and accuracy of its movements, and the entire absence of all noise, even when running at the rate of 2000 stitches and upward per minute. This alone must prove a great recommendation to it. Another merit is the good workmanship. The parts are made in such a manner, so that in the event of accident to the machine, any part can be replaced, at a trifling cost. It is, indeed, a 'mechanical wonder'—a household necessity!"
PHILADELPHIA PRESS, 1860.—"The unparalleled success which has attended the introduction of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine is a sure guarantee of its merits."
The following are names of persons in this neighborhood, whom we give as references, who have had the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machines in use for some time:
Miss Blackiston, Mrs. Benj. Armstrong.
Mrs. Williams Green, Mrs. T. S. Bowers.
Mrs. J. B. Clark, Mrs. H. Vanderford.
Mrs. R. A. Cochran, Jr., Mrs. S. M. Reynolds.
CASH PRICES.
No. 1. Ornamental Iron Stand, Walnut Top, (oiled,) with Hemmer and Feller, \$55.
No. 2. Ornamental Iron Stand, Walnut Top, with Drawer and Lock, 56.
No. 3. Ornamental Iron Stand, with Polished Mahogany or Walnut Top and Drawer, with Hemmer and Feller, 58.
No. 4. Hemmer and Feller, (oiled,) with Hemmer and Feller, 58.
No. 5. Extra Half Case, "with Work Box, Hemmer and Feller, 68.
No. 6. Walnut Half Case, (oiled,) with Fancy Work Box, Hemmer and Feller, 70.
No. 7. Mahogany Half Case, (Polished,) with Hemmer and Feller, 76.
No. 8. Full Cabinet Case, Mahogany or Walnut with Hemmer and Feller, 100.
Those wishing a first class Sewing Machine, would do well to call and examine the Wilcox & Gibbs TWISTED LOOP-STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE BY JOHN A. REYNOLDS & SONS, Middletown, Del.
August 15—1 year.

THERE IS NO MANURE SO PERMANENT AS RAW BONES, FROM WHICH IS MADE WHANN'S RAW BONE Super-Phosphate.
Warranted Perfectly Pure and Free from Adulteration.
Established as an excellent Fertilizer by years of constant use, and highly recommended by all who have used it as A Great Crop Producer.
AND PERMANENT IMPROVER OF THE SOIL.
Every Farmer Should Use It.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
WALTON, WHANN & CO. MANUFACTURERS, Wilmington, Del. E. T. EVANS, AGENT, Feb 15—1 year Middletown, Del.
628 HOOP SKIRTS, 628 AND CORSETS, CORSETS.
WM. T. HOPKINS, No. 628 Arch Street, Phila. MANUFACTURER OF THE Celebrated "Champion" Hoop Skirts FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.
The largest assortment, and best quality and styles in the American Market. Every lady should try them, as they recommend themselves by wearing longer, retaining their shape much better, being lighter and more elastic than all others—Warranted in every respect, and sold at very low prices. Ask for HOPKINS' "CHAMPION" SKIRT.
Superior Hand-made Whole-Bone Corsets in Fifteen different Grades, including the "Imperial" and "Favorite" of the "Glove-Fitting" Corsets, ranging in price from 81 Cents to \$5.50; together with J. HOPKINS' Celebrated French Woven Corsets, superior shapes and quality. Ten different Grades, from \$1.10 to \$5.50. They are the finest and best goods for the price ever imported. The Trade supplied with Hoop Skirts and Corsets at the Lowest Rates.
Those visiting the City should not fail to call and examine our Goods and Prices, as we sell all complete. Sept. 19, 1869.
MIDDLETOWN HOTEL.
J. H. WALKER, Proprietor.
HAVING succeeded Mr. L. R. Davis, in the proprietorship of this well known, long established, and popular establishment, the present proprietor will spare no pains to insure the comfort of his guests, and make his house, as heretofore, and the entire absence of all noise, even when running at the rate of 2000 stitches and upward per minute. This alone must prove a great recommendation to it. Another merit is the good workmanship. The parts are made in such a manner, so that in the event of accident to the machine, any part can be replaced, at a trifling cost. It is, indeed, a "mechanical wonder"—a household necessity!"
PHILADELPHIA PRESS, 1860.—"The unparalleled success which has attended the introduction of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine is a sure guarantee of its merits."
JOSEPH H. WALKER, Successor to L. R. Davis.
JOHN McLEAR & SON, BANKERS, WILMINGTON, DEL.
MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT, payable on demand, and interest allowed.
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES BOUGHT AND SOLD, at current market rates.
GOLD AND GOLD COUPONS, Bought at highest prices.
Notes, Drafts, and Interest, Collected and remitted promptly.
Stocks and Loans BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.
Applications in person or by letter, promptly and fully answered.
Correspondence invited.
JOHN McLEAR & SON, Bankers, Wilmington, Del.
Aug. 1—6mo.
DR. MUSGROVE, DENTIST, ELKTON, MARYLAND.
OFFICE—Opposite the Presbyterian Church. Teeth extracted without Pain by the use of NITROUS OXIDE Gas; or by the latest improvement—the SPAY PRODUCER, formed by Rigoline or Ether.
This Narcotic Spray is used where sensitive teeth are to be excavated preparatory to filling. Also, for PAINLESS removal of the Dental Pulp, and for minor surgical operations.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted, from one to a full set.
Persons from a distance desiring protracted operations will please notify by mail, or otherwise, thereby saving disappointment and loss of time.
Tooth Powder and Mouth Wash kept constantly on hand; also, Dr. J. D. White's Dentine.
THOMAS H. MUSGROVE, D.D.S.
Elkton, Md., January 18, 1868—1 year.
Middletown Furniture Warerooms.
JOSEPH H. ENOS
KEEPS constantly on hand an assortment of FURNITURE suitable to the market, consisting of COTTAGE SUITS, BEDSTEADS, CHAIRS, WASHSTANDS, Parlor and Dining Room Furniture, &c.
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.
COFFINS of all kinds and styles; Metallic Caskets; Patent Burial Cases to order. Jan. 4—1 year.
James H. Frazer, M. D. GLASGOW, DEL.
OFFERS his professional services to the public. Office at residence of R. M. Black Sep. 4—7.

NEW GOODS!! FOR THE FALL TRADE AT Charles T. Stratton's, ODESSA, DEL.
JUST received a splendid line of Fall Goods, and for sale at STRATTON'S STORE, in ODESSA.
Look at the Prices.
Appleton "A" Muslin, the best unbleached in the market, full yard wide at 17 cents.
Waltham unbleached double fold full 1 1/2 yards wide at 1 1/2 cts. at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Augusta Muslin, very heavy, 1 yard wide, 10 cents, at C. T. STRATTON'S.
1/2 and 1 yard wide Muslin at 8, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 cents per yard, at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Large lot of good Prints, selling off at 10 and 11 cts per yard, at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Pacific Delaines and Armure, selling at 20 and 22 cents per yard at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Poplins, Alpaca all colors, selling for 37 cts. per yard at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Heavy Kersey, made in Delaware, for 85 cents per yard, at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Monsons Sattinett, very good for 60 cts at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Good Jeans and Farmers Cas. for boys' wear at 20, 25, and 30 cents per yard, at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Hoop Skirts, fashionable and good, 25, 30 and 35 springs, for 88 cents at C. T. STRATTON'S.
Floor Oil Cloth, full yard wide, as good as in the market for 75 cents per yard, at C. T. STRATTON'S.
GROCERIES.
White Sugar, 16 cts. per lb.
Light Bro., 14 " " "
Coffee, 12 1/2 " "
Grain Coffee, 25 " "
Best do, 20 " "
Port Rico Molasses, 50 " " gal.
Prime MESS Pork, 18 cents per lb. The best Sugar cured Ham, 25 cents, for sale at C. T. STRATTON'S.
SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO READY MADE CLOTHING.
We have a large assortment; Full suit as low as six Dollars, all sizes.
BOOTS AND SHOES, Very Cheap.
Guaranteed to be sold as low as by the city retailers.
HATS AND CAPS
At Jobbers prices, as we get them from the manufacturer. Call and examine and be convinced.
CHARLES T. STRATTON, ODESSA, DEL.
October 3—1 year.
NEW GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES.
NAUDAIN & BROTHER, are opening a fresh stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
Being purchased since the fall in many kinds of the same. Being bought for Cash, and from first hands, principally, hence we avoid the second profit of the jobber and intend giving the advantage to our liberal friends.
Our stock consists of Merinos, black, cold Alpaca, Wool Poplins, Wool de Laines. Good assortment of Prints, Cotton and Wool Flannels, 1, 1 1/2, 2 1/2 Black 1 and 1/2, 2 1/2, 3 1/2, 4 1/2, 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 7 1/2, 8 1/2, 9 1/2, 10 1/2, 11 1/2, 12 1/2, 13 1/2, 14 1/2, 15 1/2, 16 1/2, 17 1/2, 18 1/2, 19 1/2, 20 1/2, 21 1/2, 22 1/2, 23 1/2, 24 1/2, 25 1/2, 26 1/2, 27 1/2, 28 1/2, 29 1/2, 30 1/2, 31 1/2, 32 1/2, 33 1/2, 34 1/2, 35 1/2, 36 1/2, 37 1/2, 38 1/2, 39 1/2, 40 1/2, 41 1/2, 42 1/2, 43 1/2, 44 1/2, 45 1/2, 46 1/2, 47 1/2, 48 1/2, 49 1/2, 50 1/2, 51 1/2, 52 1/2, 53 1/2, 54 1/2, 55 1/2, 56 1/2, 57 1/2, 58 1/2, 59 1/2, 60 1/2, 61 1/2, 62 1/2, 63 1/2, 64 1/2, 65 1/2, 66 1/2, 67 1/2, 68 1/2, 69 1/2, 70 1/2, 71 1/2, 72 1/2, 73 1/2, 74 1/2, 75 1/2, 76 1/2, 77 1/2, 78 1/2, 79 1/2, 80 1/2, 81 1/2, 82 1/2, 83 1/2, 84 1/2, 85 1/2, 86 1/2, 87 1/2, 88 1/2, 89 1/2, 90 1/2, 91 1/2, 92 1/2, 93 1/2, 94 1/2, 95 1/2, 96 1/2, 97 1/2, 98 1/2, 99 1/2, 100 1/2.
HATS AND CAPS, DRUGS, CARPET AND OIL CLOTHS, Painted Window Shades, GLOVES, HOSIERIES, AND FANCY GOODS.
In fact, anything kept in a first class country store.
We call particular attention to our fine stock of Over-Coatings, Cloths & Cassimeres, which we make a Specialty.
Receiving from the Manufacturers, Ladies' Misses, and Children's Shoes, Gents' sewed and pegged, double upper and sole, Gait Boots, Men's heavy, winter Boots & Shoes, that we have made of the best material; and guarantee satisfaction.
MACKEREL, SEAD, AND HERRING Always on Hand.
Liberal discount for cash, and show Goods with pleasure.
NAUDAIN & BRO. Oct. 10—1 year Middletown.
FARMS!! FARMS!! FOR SALE, THREE FARMS.
No. 1 A farm situated on the road from Sudlersville to Church Hill, and within two miles of the latter place, containing 160 ACRES, nearly arable. This farm is well located, being near a public School, a Church, and good Flouring Mill, and is a very desirable property, the land being high and susceptible of the highest improvement, at small expense.
No. 2 is situated within three miles of Churchtown, and also within three miles of Rolph's wharf, and not more than two miles from Deep Landing, where grain or any other produce can be sent away, either by steamboat or on a public road, and contains about 200 ACRES, this farm is located on a good county road, and the land is high and of a very superior quality.
No. 3 is within two and a half miles of Sudlersville, and lying immediately on a public road, and contains about 280 ACRES, and would divide to advantage if desirable into two farms. All three farms have buildings and are now occupied, and being cultivated.
Possession will be given at the end of the year, or sooner if necessary. The terms can be made easy to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to purchase had better apply at once to LEMUEL ROBERTS, Near Crumpton, or Sudlersville, Md. August 8—1 year.
LIVERY STABLE.
HORSES AND CARRIAGES for hire at the Stables of L. R. Davis' Middletown Hotel. The horses are safe, and careful drivers will be provided when desired. Terms moderate. Apply to THOS. MURRAY, At the Stables. Jan. 4—7.
Instruction on the Piano.
MISS N. M. WRIGHT, Middletown, Delaware, Teacher of Music on the Piano, will attend to Pupils at their own or her residence. Terms moderate. Sept. 10—1 year.